The
UNITARIAN MONTHLY

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A THOUGHT

FROM A GREAT THINKER.

HUMAN NATURE is a noble and beautiful thing; not a foul nor a base thing. All the sin of men I esteem as their disease, not their nature; as a folly which may be prevented, not a necessity which must be accepted. And my wonder, even when things are at their worst, is always at the height which this human nature can attain. Thinking it high, I find it always a higher thing than I thought it; while those who think it low, find it, and will find it, always lower than they thought it: the fact being, that it is infinite, and capable of infinite height and infinite fall; but the nature of it—and here is the faith which I would have you hold with me—the *nature* of it is in the nobleness, not in the catastrophe.

—JOHN RUSKIN.

M.B.

Notes and News.

We have received congratulations from various readers on the improved appearance of this magazine. We are now using better paper at an increased cost in the hope that the results in larger circulation will justify the outlay. It is surely possible in many churches to secure a list of persons willing to become regular subscribers at one penny per copy per month. Prices of monthly parcels to churches, 12 copies, 10d. post free; 25 for 1s. 6d.; 50, 2s. 6d.; 100, 4s. 6d.

Will readers please note that the annual volume of the 1916 copies, bound up with index, can now be had for 1s. 4d. post free?

American Unitarians, through the Rev. Dr. S. A. Eliot, President of the American Unitarian Association, have sent £200 in aid of the Unitarian Hostel and Social Centre at Essex Hall, London.

The Midland Sunday School Association Annual Meeting was held at Birmingham, Jan. 20th, when it was reported that the Association comprises 16 schools, 3,000 scholars, and 200 teachers. The Rev. H. Warnock is the new President.

Sir Edward Partington, of Glossop, having been made a peer, takes the title of Doverdale of Westwood Park, Worcestershire. The new lord is a member of our Glossop Unitarian Church.

The Stockport Unitarian Church has been included for the third time in the Free Churches annual interchange of pulpits, the Unitarian, Rev. H. E. Perry, having exchanged with a Primitive Methodist.

Miss Clara Martineau has been elected a warden of the Old Meeting Church, Birmingham.

Mr. Peter Eckersley, of Chowbent Chapel, has given £500 to the Astley Chapel, as an endowment for augmenting the minister's salary.

The North Cheshire Unitarian Sunday School Union held its quarterly meeting at Dukinfield on Feb. 3rd, when about 50 were present.

The Preston Unitarian Congregation has commemorated the 200th anniversary of their chapel.

The Plymouth Unitarian Congregation has celebrated the 5th anniversary of the settlement of their minister, the Rev. W. H. Burgess, B.A., by holding a special week-day service and evening meeting, and presented him with a cheque for £10 as a mark of appreciation of his services.

"Over the Border," by Dorothea Vaughan, pamphlet received, no price stated, but sent from Essex Hall, is intended for "those bereaved through the 'Great Sacrifice,' to give them a ray of comfort."

"The High Pavement Chapel and Christ Church Chronicle," Nottingham, edited by Rev. J. C. Ballantyne, issued every two months is a pamphlet of over 20 pages with cover full of local information. From it we learn that the High Pavement Roll of Honour numbers 166 men.

National Conference Guilds' Union.

(This National Conference is of Unitarian and kindred Churches).

President: Rev. J. M. LLOYD THOMAS.
Gen. Sec.: Miss M. TWIST, 34, Harbury Road, Birmingham.

Topic List Sec.: Rev. MORTIMER ROWE, B.A.
Extension Sec.: Rev. H. FISHER SHORT.

Monthly Message: "REASONS WHY."

1. You need a Guild to enable you to come into closer, more vital touch with the souls of your young friends. What we call the spiritual life, whether of young or old, is an extremely delicate and difficult thing to deal with. It is far easier to teach or amuse people than to make a direct appeal to their deeper nature. Anything, therefore, that provides a suitable means to that desirable end is valuable beyond computation. Than a Guild, I know of nothing that meets this need so well. For a Guild is, avowedly, a religious fellowship. Regular devotional services, at which our beautiful little manual is used, provide an open door to the hearts of the young people. In the atmosphere created by hymn and prayer and Bible reading, a simple, moving message may be spoken, for which they have been prepared. What more shall I say? Only this, if the need be felt, it will soon be met.

2. Your young folk need a Guild. "But," you may protest, "they have the Sunday school and the church." True; but do these touch them in just the way we are thinking of? Here and there, they may; but school-work tends to become perfunctory and fails, to a deplorable degree, to pilot the scholars from the class-room to the sanctuary. What is wanted is a simple organisation, whose aims are summed up in the Guild motto: "For God and the Good Life." If appealed to by men and women consecrated to these lofty aims, young souls will respond and discover the true way of life. In these days of peril their need of spiritual quickening, direction and fellowship, is great and pressing. Fulfil that need and save them from spiritual starvation and death.

3. The group of churches to which they and you belong needs as many Guilds as possible. Church members do not live here for ever. Devoted church officials, sooner or later, are called away from their work. How are you going to replace those who "pass on"? A congregation that fills its blanks by making converts adds nothing to the church universal. It simply moves those already in it from one part to another. The church should renew its life by conserving its own young people. And every congregation could do this, if only its members were alive to their obligations and opportunities. "Change and decay" would give place to change and growth, and plaints of disappointment and failure would become psalms of life and progress. H.F.S.

Boys at the War.

A SOLDIER'S PRAYER.

THE story of a soldier's prayer is told in a letter to the congregation of a Baptist church at West Norwood from the Rev. D. Hiley, pastor of the church, who is working as a padre at the front.

"At an impromptu concert the padre," he writes, "had got exhausted by an hour's very hard work, and being perhaps a little angry he said, "Well, if you don't want to carry on, I don't,' when a man wearing a sheepskin coat came to the platform. He had spent much time in the wet canteen, and looked it, being in the stage when he was humorous and garrulous.

" 'Padre,' he said 'this is a rotten crowd.' He slapped me on the shoulder and said: 'I stand in with the padre; now what shall I do?' I said 'What can you do?' 'Well,' he replied, 'I can preach a bit, or pray a bit, or recite a bit.'

" This was to the great delight of the boys, who felt that things were moving. 'Well, suppose you start with reciting. What will you recite?' 'I'll recite 'The Cremation of Danny McGhee,' by Robert Service.'

"It was a great success, so the meeting began to go when it was time to close. I said what a pity it was he had not come before, and that we would sing a hymn and say a prayer for one another, when he chimed in again and said, 'What shall I do—sing or pray?' 'Well,' I said 'we will all sing together." But during the singing of that hymn I was greatly perplexed as to whether I should ask him to pray or not. When the hymn was ended I felt led to say, 'You said you wanted to pray. Now pray.' A great and solemn silence fell upon all.

"He turned deathly pale; then he said: 'God Almighty, we are a wicked lot; we are a rotten crowd.' A halt followed; then he continued: 'God, I am stuck —no, I'm not; I had a good mother. I have forgotten and neglected all she taught me. I used to say ' Gentle Jesus.' " He was choked with emotion: then continued: 'God forgive me. That's all, Lord. Amen.'

"All the boys dispersed so quietly. Then he turned to me and said, 'Padre, you had me, you had me. Good night.' The next day he saw me again and said 'Padre, I will stand by it, so help me God. All those boys heard me pray, and I will cut drink and swearing.' And he kept his word.

"A few days after he went to the firing line. As the draft were marching out I stood at a certain point to wish them 'Good luck' in the name of God, and as he passed he shouted 'Padre, I will stand by it, so help me God.' A few weeks after he was amongst those who had made the great sacrifice."

—"Daily News."

ADMIRATION, HOPE AND LOVE

"We live by admiration, hope and love," Wordsworth tells us, and not by their opposites—contempt, despondency and hatred. These latter contract and narrow the soul, as the others enlarge it. The more a man heartily admires, the more he takes into his nature, the goodness and beauty which excite his admiration. His being grows up toward what thus evokes his enthusiasm. And the habit of admiration is the outcome of a moral discipline which represses peevish and faultfinding dispositions, and seeks the admirable in every situation and in every person, that life brings to us. "Be ye enlarged," implies "learn to admire and to praise."

The House Beautiful stands by the wayside. The most precious things are, in reality, the commonest, and these are to be gained not by large fortunes, but by large souls, and hearts aglow with love and sympathy.

—E.R.H.

YOU THAT HAVE FAITH.

You that have faith to look with fearless eyes
  Beyond the tragedy of a world at strife,
And trust that out of night and death shall rise
  The dawn of ampler life;
Rejoice, whatever anguish rend your heart,
  That God has given you, for a priceless dower,
To live in these great times and have your part
  In Freedom's crowning hour;
That you may tell your sons, who see the light
  High in the heavens, their heritage to take:
"I saw the powers of darkness put to flight!
  I saw the morning break!"

—Sir Owen Seaman.

PRAYER: Almighty God, sole Refuge of distressed and lonely souls, grant unto us that in all the troubles of this our mortal life, we may find our haven of peace in the sure knowledge of Thy pity, Thy tender mercy, Thy truth unfailing, Thy boundless might. And so may we shelter ourselves in Thy protection, safe amid the storms that threaten to overwhelm us. Whatsoever these days take away, grant that we may never remove from us the trust we have in Thee, as a Father that pitieth His children, knoweth all their troubles, and shareth every sorrow. O Healer of the wounded heart, we come to Thee; hear us and help us, by the love revealed to us in Thy beloved son. Amen.

From the Business End.

BY A MELIORIST.

III.—THE BUSINESS BEGINS.

THE Rev. Frank Benson, the minister of Bardsley-street Unitarian Church, was puzzled. On the Sunday that this happened his congregations were of about the usual strength, but the composition of them surprised him. At morning service, he wondered. Why had half-a-dozen members of the committee, who seldom turned up together except on "big" days, taken it into their heads to attend an ordinary service? Perhaps there was an emergency meeting after service, he thought; and with this the presence of the "strangers" was accepted. To his astonishment, however, nothing of the kind ensued. The service concluded, they went their several ways homewards. At evening worship the mystery deepened. With the exception of Brown, who had influenza, and Thompson, who was away on business, the whole of the committee were present, most of them accompanied by their wives. He was bewildered. Indeed, so unusual was the whole thing that he was a bit startled. The feeling of something unsuspected in the atmosphere caused him to stumble once or twice in the long prayer, and in the sermon he became shaky and uncertain. Meeting Wallis at the vestry door after the service he hoped to get some light on the untoward event. With palpable non-success, he tried to hide his burning curiosity.

"An improved attendance to-night, I think, William," he said.

"Yes, sir," responded the wily secretary, avoiding the minister's searching eye and moving away as he spoke. "It's been a finer day than last Sunday."

"There's something in the wind" he meditated, as he removed his gown a minute later.

Nor did he get much help from John Baines, who was parting from two committee men as he came down the church steps.

"I was delighted to see the committee so well represented this evening, Mr. Baines."

It was a straight shot, but missed its mark.

"So was I, Mr. Benson," was the cheery reply. "And I hope they may keep it up. By the way, is Brown any better?" added the old gentleman shrewdly.

"This morning Mrs. Brown said he was doing remarkably well."

"I'm glad to hear that; influenza is such an uncertain thing."

By this time, they had reached the corner where their ways divided.

"Good night, Mr. Benson," said John Baines warmly, but rather quickly, giving the mystified minister no choice but to return his handgrip and depart.

"A perfect conspiracy!" muttered Mr. Benson to himself as he strode along.

When John Baines reached William Wallis's he found his three friends as excited as schoolboys on a holiday. Patting Wallis on the shoulder he said "Splendid, William, splendid!"

"Yes, wasn't it?" answered Wallis, with glistening eyes.

"But will it last?" said Wilson doubtfully.

"At least, we may hope so," responded Mr. Baines; "though I confess I am not an incorrigible optimist, Ben."

"You are not a pessimist, Mr. Baines, I must say" laughed Johnson.

"No, I am really what George Eliot called herself."

"And what was that, Mr. Baines?" chimed in Wallis.

"Very sensibly, as I believe, she described herself a meliorist."

"And whatever's that?" asked Johnson.

"A person who neither expects improvement at express speed, nor believes that things must go from bad to worse, but is convinced that if only men exert themselves things may be made better than they are. I am a betterist."

"That's commonsense, anyway. Wilson, there's your answer."

"Ben is all right," said Mr. Baines. "We cannot guard too carefully against being misled by small pots soon hot."

"That's just what I feel," said Wilson in self-defence.

"Ah, well," said Johnson, "You got the pot boiling to-day and, as a friendly looker-on, I'd like to know how you managed it."

"Oh, it was not so difficult as I imagined it might be," said Wallis with evident pleasure.

"Same here. The men I saw were fairly sympathetic, but could not pledge themselves to attend every service," reported Wilson.

"And how did you get along, Mr. Baines? Did Dickson jib at all?"

"Not exactly, Henry. Of course, I had to humour him a little; but when I appealed to his honour, he submitted handsomely."

"Did he drag in Mr. Benson?" was Johnson's inevitable question.

"Well, he did try to turn the conversation that way, but I pointed out we were not discussing the minister, but the committee's obligations to him."

"I hope Dickson may give us no trouble," said Wilson wistfully.

"He is a little difficult, I admit," said Mr. Baines. "Somehow, he doesn't seem drawn to Mr. Benson, and it's a pity."

"Forgive my saying so, Mr. Baines," said Johnson rather bitterly, "but Dickson has yet to learn the A.B.C. of courtesy. He has some sort of silly

prejudice against all ministers and that makes him talk so impudently about Mr. Benson. The top and bottom of it is pure ignorance. Not being a gentleman himself, he doesn't know how to treat one."

"I don't like to hear you speak so harshly, Henry," said Mr. Baines, a little sadly, "but loyalty to Mr. Benson and personal knowledge of poor Tom, compel me to admit there is a good deal in what you say. But we must have patience and try to lead him our way. He is not without his good points, you know; and I believe if once he is won over he will be won permanently."

"Let's hope so," said Johnson in a tone none too sanguine.

"We can be meliorists, at any rate," piped in Wilson.

"That's right, Ben. We have made a promising beginning, but we have a long way to go yet if we are to be successful."

"That's very evident, Mr. Baines," said Wallis, "if we are all to feel about Unitarianism as you do. What you said last Sunday opened my eyes a lot."

"Exactly in what way?" asked John Baines, gratified that his words had gone home.

"How shall I put it?" said Wallis, reddening at the unusual ideas he wanted to express. "Well, we have a nice church and a devout minister, and, I suppose, we are proud of both; but somehow religion doesn't seem as real to us as to the Baptists and others. I am not thinking of you Mr. Baines and one or two others, but of the congregation as a whole.

With his eyes fixed on the hearth-rug as though afraid to look at his guests, Wallis trembled at his own boldness in speaking of sacred things.

"Though I cannot have you setting me apart as one of the 'elect,' what you have just said, William, is, I fear, but too painfully true. Nor is 'Bardsley-street' at all exceptional. I have a pretty wide acquaintance with our churches and I have sorrowfully to confess that conscious religious experience is not a common thing among us. As a rule, Unitarians are thoughtful, people of sterling moral worth, and fine public spirit; but they are more theological than religious. That we can account for the sad fact does not make it other than a fact."

"Can it be accounted for, Mr. Baines?" put in Johnson glad for an opening to lessen the tension.

"I think so, Henry. The richness of our inheritance has been our undoing."

"How do you mean, Mr. Baines," said Wilson a little huskily.

"Last week, we were talking about freedom, a boon we possess in fullest measure. I have heard congregational ministers claim that they were every bit as free as our own, and in these Modernist days one frequently hears that the Church of England is the freest church in Christendom. These claims are not matters to argue about, they are simply untrue. Theologically, no ministers or congregations in the wide world are as free as our own."

"But, excuse me a moment, Mr. Baines," interrupted Johnson, "the minister of a Unitarian church is surely precluded from preaching Trinitarianism."

"That is an extreme point," admitted John Baines, but I have known two instances in which it was permitted."

You surprise me, Mr. Baines."

"It's true none the less. In the one case an ex-clergyman decided to return to his former fold and throughout the three months of his 'notice,' his sermons were purely Trinitarian, and not only was there nothing in the chapel trust-deed to prevent him, but the congregation attended well to the end and made him parting gifts. In the other case, the chapel was built and endowed by a Unitarian, but in process of time, owing partly to orthodox preaching, Trinitarian members out-numbered the Unitarians, who, advised by Dr. Martineau, generously retired to enable the revision of the trust on Trinitarian lines."

"But were not many of our old meeting houses built and endowed by Trinitarians?" insisted Johnson, going off at a tangent.

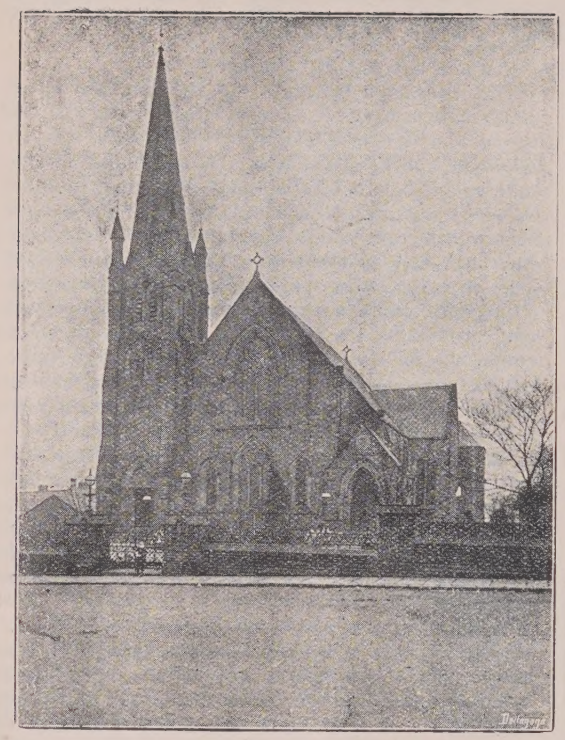
"That is quite true, Henry; but I believe that Unitarianism was practically unknown to those early free-churchmen, consequently they threw open the doors wider than ever they intended. Had they been gifted with pre-vision, you may be sure there would have been no strictly open trusts so far as they were concerned."

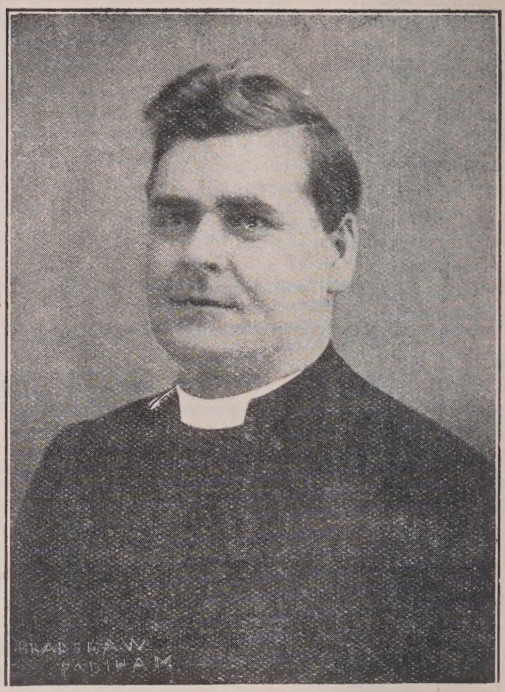
"I see what you mean, Mr. Baines."

"But we have wandered from the point I had in mind. What I wanted to say was this. Theological freedom, unless rightly valued and used, may prove disastrous. A creed, however crude, does tend to guide and sustain belief. Where no creed exists, not only is the guidance wanting, but there is a tendency for speculation to dispense belief and, by and by, to dissipate faith. Again, where a movement has to defend itself against attack, controversy tends to become the principal and, eventually, the sole interest of its adherents. Now, both these things happened to many Unitarians when people were keener on theology than they are to-day. And when they passed away, they had little more than buildings and a tradition to pass on to their successors. That is my judgment of the matter, and largely accounts for the apparent want of spirituality among present-day Unitarians." As none of the others seemed moved to speak; all feeling non-plussed by the exposure of what they had felt so proud of, John Baines, after a thoughtful pause continued:

"There is another thing that troubles me more than a little, and that is the possibility of our dying out as a denomination. If we do die, it will be because we have forgotten how to live, as we seem in peril of doing. We sometimes boast that the orthodox churches are coming our way, but, if we are really a decaying body, I can only pray, heaven forbid. If as a group of churches we are losing our hold on God and the things of the spirit, and are held together, for the time being, merely by our negations, on the one hand, and our endowments on the other, then, if the orthodox churches are really progressing, it is not in our direction at all, but towards that way of life from which we appear to be departing."

(To be continued.)





Rev. THOMAS MUNN.

Nazareth Chapel, Padiham.

THE Padiham Unitarian congregation dates from 1806, when, in August, Rev. Joseph Cooke was expelled from the Methodist body in the Rochdale circuit for his heretical views. Many of his Methodist followers started services in the Rossendale towns and neighbouring districts. These seceders were dubbed "Cookites" and later "Unitarian Methodists."

The Padiham Cookites met every Sunday in an upper room in Back-lane—now East-street—and their leaders were two hand-loom weavers who were local preachers, James Pollard and John Robinson. These two men, virtually the founders of Unitarianism in Padiham, kept the congregation together for forty-two years till 1848, the year of their death. In 1822 a plot of land had been secured and a chapel built in West Street, which cost £419 16s. 6d., and the chapel was enlarged in 1836 by the addition of a gallery.

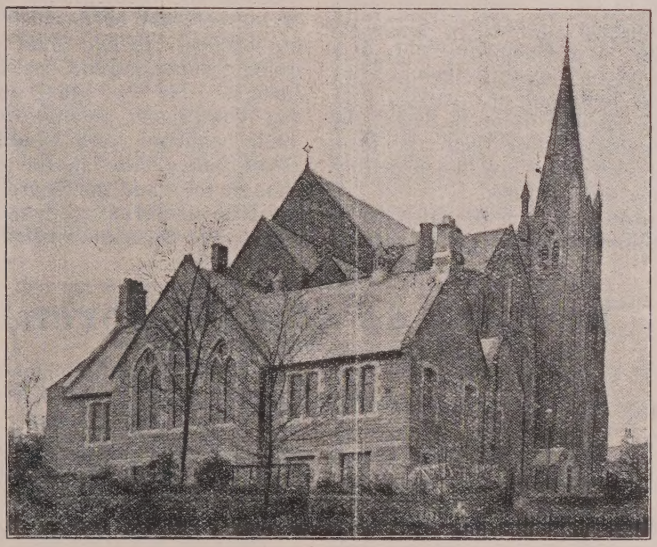
Henry Dean, a young man trained under the two aforesaid veterans became their successor, but died in 1855. The Rev. Adam Rushton was appointed minister,—the first paid minister—in 1859, and it was during his three years' pastorate that the congregation became self-supporting. He was succeeded by the Rev. Edward Allen in 1864, and the chapel became too small for the increasing number of adherents, and a piece of land on Knight Hill was purchased for £420 by stratagem against sectarian prejudice, for the erection of a new chapel. Mr. Allen removed at the end of three years, and was followed in 1869 by the Rev. R. H. Cotton, B.A., who remained four years. The present handsome Nazareth Chapel was opened in April, 1874. It cost over £5,000, and will seat over 700 persons. At the same time the Rev. H. S. Solly, M.A., became minister, and after five years he was succeeded by the Rev. Christopher J. Street, M.A., whose ministry lasted four years, during which the organ was purchased at the cost of £575. The Rev. J. Mc Gavin Sloan followed with a seven years' ministry, and he was succeeded by the Rev. E. T. Russell, 1891 to Jan. 1st, 1898, after which the Rev. Joseph H. Wicksteed, M.A., was in charge over four years. Then the Rev. J. E. Jenkins was minister, 1903 to 1912; and the present pastor, Rev Thomas Munn, settled 1913.

In 1904-5 the school premises were extended by the erection of the Centenary Memorial School to

ebrate the Centennial of 1906, at a cost of ,200. 1906 was a red-letter year as the Cen- ary of Unitarianism in Padiham. The Provin- l Assembly of Lancashire and Cheshire was d and entertained there in June. The Memo- l School was formally opened and the Cene- nial celebrations held in September.

The Nazareth Chapel is one of the most beau- ul places of worship in the district. It is ador- d with stained glass windows and there are veral mural tablets. The Padiham Unitarians e justly proud of their religious home. It is garded as the mother church of the denomina- on in that particular district, as during its his- ry several other Unitarian congregations have rung up in the neighbourhood: Trafalgar reet Unitarian Church, Burnley; Stanley Street, Colne; the Accrington Church; and more recently that at Nelson.

As many as ten ministers of the Unitarian body have sprung from the Padiham congregation. Its people still retain much of the old Methodist fervour and piety. The varied activities of church life include a flourishing Sunday School, Sick and Burial Society, Penny Bank, Sewing Society, Library, Band of Hope, and other institutions. More than a hundred men are on its Roll of Honour as having gone on War service, some of them unfortunately who will not return having made the great sacrifice. The Chapel occupies a commanding position in the highest part of the town and is one of its finest buildings.



Unitarian Schools, Back of Chapel.

REV. THOMAS MUNN, Unitarian Minister at Padiham, is a native of Moneyrea, Co. Down, Ireland, and was brought up under Unitarian influences. In very early manhood he displayed much interest in Irish land and labour reform, and delivered his maiden speech in public in the Ulster Hall, Belfast, at a great convention. But he gradually gave more attention to religious work, and ultimately prepared for the ministry. He studied in Belfast, 1903-5 under James O'Neill, M.A., and George Elliot, M.A., and passed the admission examination to the Unitarian Home Missionary College, Manchester, where he received special training for the ministry under Principal A. Gordon, M.A., 1905-7. He became minister at Grey Abbey, Co. Down, 1907-13; and settled as minister of the Nazareth Unitarian Chapel, Padiham, in 1913, where he is much beloved by his people, and his pulpit ministrations are received with considerable acceptance. During his ministry at Grey Abbey, the sum of £550 was raised by a bazaar and invested to increase the minister's salary; the Sunday School doubled its membership and through Mr. Munn one of the Grey Abbey young men went to college and entered the ministry—now the Rev. Herbert Barnes. In Padiham, Mr. Munn exercises no small influence for good, and his congregation is happy and prosperous under his leadership. Last year he was President of the N.E. Lancashire Unitarian S.S. Union.

Be of Good Cheer.

By Rev. WILLIAM C. HALL, M.A.

EVERY day, if you look carefully, you will find something that goes wrong. You can weep every day, if you will, over a disappointment, a defeat, an effort in which you were wasted, a dream that deluded you, a sweet hope that had bitterness at its root and only yielded gall. And if you take large glasses you can see very minutely how microbic and pestilent is the swarm of cares with which the most trifling annoyance can overwhelm you. I have hardly ever looked down a microscope without wondering what would happen to me if the object under my observation asserted itself more directly in the human world and took possession of me. Some people have the "gift" of surrendering themselves to the remotest care that lurks in a disappointment, in a throw the world has thrown against them. They cannot see the silver lining of any cloud; they see the cloud and the sable of its every fleece, the terror of its subtle shade. For them the little cares and ironies of every day are like a pelting storm that can lash a soul to fury.

But for me the surprising fact of daily life is not that so many things go wrong, but that so many things go right. How many things do we not leave to chance? In how many things do we not bungle? In how many things are we not lacking in care and perseverance? Yet much good, our own good, comes out of them. It seems as if after all the world stands over us just to keep us from being unreservedly stupid, and to see to it that most things turn out as they ought, or that there is that in the world which will not let the world's work go wrong, nor ours—a divinity that shapes all the ends. The legend of Genesis tells us that God who created the world in six days—and nights (mark the oversight of most of the theologians)—rested on the seventh. He rested, not because all His work was done, but because He had other work to do. He was going to have a good deal of trouble with human beings. He was going to have trouble with a few Unitarians, among others, who in spite of their beautiful faith would tramp the earth as though they bore all the care of the world, as though they had not heard the voice of one who for Him had cried to them: "Be of good cheer; I have overcome the world."

A Talk to the Children.

MY DEAR YOUNG FOLKS,—

You know the story of the Little Red Hen, do you not? Perhaps I had better repeat it to refresh your memory. The little Red Hen was in the farmyard with her chickens, when she found a grain of wheat. "Who will plant this wheat?" she said. "Not I," said the Goose. "Not I," said the Duck. "I will, then," said the little Red Hen, and she planted the grain of wheat. When the wheat was ripe, she said "Who will take this wheat to the mill?" "Not I," said the Goose. "Not I," said the Duck. "I will, then," said the little Red Hen, and she took the wheat to the mill. When she brought the flour home she said, "Who will make some bread with this flour?" "Not I," said the Goose. "Not I," said the Duck. "I will, then," said the little Red Hen. When the bread was baked, she said, "Who will eat this bread?" "I will," said the Goose. "I will," said the Duck. "No, you won't," said the little Red Hen. "I shall eat it myself. Cluck! cluck" And she called her chickens to help her.

I am sure you admire that little Red Hen who was so willing to work and to do her part in the great business of daily life; and you do not like the lazy Goose and Duck who would do nothing, except eat the bread which the little Red Hen had made. Do you feel that the little Red Hen served them right when she refused to let them eat? Of course you do. And you think that the little Red Hen deserved to have the bread for herself and her chicks seeing that she had done all the work for it?

The little Red Hen then belongs to the workers of the world, to that great army of plucky ones who do things. And the lazy Goose and Duck belong to the great mass of idlers who will do nothing for other people and very little for themselves that they can get others to do for them.

Of course you are on the side of the little Red Hen when mother says "Who will do this just to help me?" You would scorn to be a lazy Goose and say, "Not I; let somebody else do it." Decidedly you would be quite ashamed to belong to the idle set.

It is the workers who make a happy world; the idlers who make it wretched and miserable. The workers are always mending things, making improvements, finding out new things and new ways.

Which side are you on?—that of the little Red Hen, of the saviours, the side where Jesus is working with God? I hope it is that.

East Lancs. Unitarian Association.

THE East Lancashire Unitarian Association is he most recently established of all our denomina- ional bodies, as it only originated in 1913. It mbraces an extreme portion of the area covered y the principal association of the district, the N. and E. Lancashire Unitarian Mission. At a neeting of ministers held in the latter part of 915 it was urged that something should be done o bring the churches of East Lancashire into closer fellowship and co-operation. So it was lecided to call a meeting of representatives of he churches immediately concerned, which was eld early in 1916, when it was resolved that an Association of Churches be formed.

The objects are thus defined: To strengthen he religious life of the affiliated churches and to levelop mutual help between them. To unite in missionary effort for the propagation of Unitarian Christianity in East Lancashire. The congregations included in its operations are situated at Accrington, Blackburn, Burnley, Burnley Lane, Colne, Nelson, Newchurch, Padiham, and Rawtenstall. These are also affiliated to the N. and E. Lancashire Unitarian Mission which covers a very much larger area extending over the whole county excepting the two districts of Liverpool and Manchester. The intention of this new association is to be a helper to the larger body, to work in it and with it.

Up to the present the work attempted consists in conferences of Church delegates on matters of fellowship and co-operation; the organising of regular pulpit supplies for the Burnley Lane Unitarian Mission, including a minister at least one Sunday per month; and the holding of an Annual United Service, Business Meeting, and United Public Meeting. Other work is intended as soon as the establishment of European peace makes the local conditions more favourable. Missionary work is proposed to be entered upon at Great Harwood, a populous district where there ought to be a Unitarian Church. There are other considerable townships too, where a Unitarian centre might be established. The Second Annual Meeting has just been held at Colne when the Rev. Fred Hall, of Backburn, was elected president for the ensuing year; Mr. J. T. Bibby, of Burnley, treasurer; and Rev. W. McMullan, of Rawtenstall, secretary, both re-elected.

Unitarianism.

By M. J. SAVAGE, D.D.

WE have had the name "Unitarian" fastened upon us, not as the result of our seeking.

That means the unity of God as opposed to polytheism or trinitarianism or any other theory that would divide this unity.

. . . . . .

If a man wishes to become a Unitarian, he must do a little thinking, he must understand what it means, he must comprehend the new thoughts about the universe and about God and man and destiny, he must be willing to brave popular opinion, he must be willing to go alone, if need be against the prayers and protests of father, mother, wife, child, friend.

. . . . . .

We are the Church of the world's scientific scholarship and at the same time the church of the simplest democracy. What do I mean by our being the church of the world's scholarship? I mean just what I say. I mean that all the free scholarship of the world in every department and direction is looking our way. Whether it has quite arrived or not, it is on the road.

. . . . . .

These churches of ours accept fully and freely the scientific method as a method for the study of truth; and accept scientific results,—not guesses merely, not speculations.

. . . . . .

We believe that every scientific truth, every truth arrived at by any method, so soon as it is verified, is to be freely, gladly accepted as a new sentence in the real Bible, the real revelation of God.

. . . . . .

We believe that in finding God's truth and bringing our lives into accord with it we are delivering this world from its burdens and evils, and fitting ourselves for the life that is to come.

Nat. Unitarian Temperance Association.

ESSEX HALL, ESSEX STREET, STRAND, W.C.

President: Rev. Dr. J. E. CARPENTER. Hon. Sec.: Mr. E. F. COWLIN, 19, Northwood Road, Forest Hill London.
Hon. Treasurer: Mr. E. BUSER.

"I CAN'T DO WITHOUT IT."

SOME people say that they cannot do without alcoholic drinks. That may be for one or two reasons: either that the taking of such drinks has become so fixed as a habit that they are wretched without it—or, that they have a conviction that these drinks are necessary to support and to sustain them in health and strength.

To admit the first reason is a confession of slavish subjection to a depraved appetite. Far too many people are in that condition. There is nothing more saddening than to see any one the helpless victim of this alcohol craving. A person in such a condition feels that release from the bonds is impossible. But this is not so. It is quite possible to get free, by struggle against the craving, by strenuous fighting for the mastery. Every effort to overcome weakens the power of the appetite, and if the effort is persevered in the craving becomes weaker and weaker until it is quite exhausted. And then when nature has a chance to assert itself under purer conditions it soon becomes manifest that the one who has gone through the struggle can do without it, and is far better without it. Liberation from such slavery is not easy. It requires strong will and resolute faith. But the result is well worth the pains and the struggle.

The second reason is quite a delusion. Medical specialists like the late Sir B. W. Richardson, and the late Sir Victor Horsley, who have scientifically investigated the effects of alcohol on the human frame, have proved that alcoholic drinks in any quantity are injurious, that they do not add strength, that they are not food, but poison. Alcohol does not purify the blood, does not allay thirst, does not nourish, does not warm. These statements are proved unmistakeably by experiment. The white of an egg—albumen—coagulates in alcohol, and there is a similar effect on the blood which gradually thickens and clots with the introduction of alcohol. As to thirst, for one volume of alcohol taken in three volumes of water are thrust out, and so it creates thirst. The nourishment in 36 gallons of Burton ale is less than one per cent. The sense of warmth after drinking alcohol is very transient, the drink actually lowers the temperature of the body and lessens the power to resist cold. A drunken man will die from cold sooner than one who is sober. Arctic explorers have proved that alcohol does not protect against cold. It is consequently a delusion to suppose that the human body needs alcohol, or is supported and sustained by it and cannot do without it.

These are considerations which any impartial inquirer and investigator can verify. And in the face of the awful injury that the drinking of alcohol brings upon individuals and upon society, every lover of human welfare ought to be an abstainer from it.

—H.B.S.

Short Stories.

A GOOD REPUTATION.

Andrew Johnson, who was once President of the United States, was a man of considerable force of character and vigour of intellect. In his great speech at Washington, when describing himself as having begun his political career as an alderman, and ran through all the branches of the legislature, a voice in the crowd cried, "From a tailor up." Johnson took the remark in good part, and turned it to some account. "Some gentleman says I have been a tailor. That does not disconcert me in the least; for when I was a tailor I had the reputation of being a good one, and making close fits; I was always punctual with my customers, and always did good work."

PERSEVERANCE.

Bulwer Lytton was a man of great industry. Though a man of fortune with all the excessively attractive pleasures of the rich at his command, he scorned such delights and lived laborious days. He chose the career of a literary man. His first effort was poetical and a failure; his second a novel—"Falkland"; and that was a failure too. But he had pluck and perseverance, and worked on, determined to succeed. He was incessantly industrious, read extensively, and from failure went courageously onward to success. "Pelham" followed "Falkland" within a year, and the rest of his literary life became a succession of triumphs. He achieved distinction as a novelist, poet, dramatist, historian, essayist, orator and politician.

PALISSY, THE POTTER.

Palissy was not only a great inventor in the art of pottery, but a bold thinker in religious matters. He waged war against astrology, alchemy, witchcraft, and other superstitions. This made him many enemies, and he was arrested as

a heretic and imprisoned in the Bastille at the age of seventy-eight. He was threatened with death unless he recanted. But he was inflexible in holding to his religious faith. The King, Henry III., visited him in prison, and urged him to abjure his opinions. "My good man," said the King, "You have now served my mother and myself for forty-five years. We have put up with your religion amidst fires and massacres: now I am so pressed by the Guise party as well as by my own people, that I am constrained to leave you in the hands of your enemies, and to-morrow you will be burnt unless you become converted." "Sire," answered the unconquerable old man, "I am ready to give my life for the glory of God. You have said many times that you have pity on me; and now I have pity on you who have pronounced the words—I am constrained! It is not spoken like a king, sire; it is what you, and those who constrain you, the Guisards and all your people, can never effect upon me, for I know how to die." Palissy died shortly after, not at the stake, but in the Bastille, peacefully, after a year's imprisonment.

MINISTERIAL CHANGES: Rev. J. Horace Short has completed his ministry at Blackpool, North Shore, and removed to St. Helens; Rev. W. A. Weatherall, of Cork, has gone on six months' leave of absence on work with the Y.M.C.A in France; Rev. Richard Newall has been publicly welcomed to the ministry of the Pudsey Unitarian Church, Feb. 16th.

DEATHS: Mrs. Arthur Greenhalgh of Accrington, at Ansdell, Jan. 13th, 46; Miss Louisa Florence Solly, Letchworth, Jan. 19th, 67; Mr. Thomas Cogger, Newport, I.W., Jan. 27th, 72; 2nd Lieut. Ronald Thomson, R.E., of Rotherham, of wounds in hospital, Jan. 27th, 30; Mr. William Haslam, Bolton, Jan. 28th, 72; Mr. Joseph Harding, Bow, London, Jan. 26th, 77; Mr. W. D. Cliff, Leeds, 82; Mr. Henry Coleby, Bedfield, Suffolk, Jan. 25th, 69; Miss Jennet Humphreys, Harrow, Feb. 6th, 88; Capt. R. L. Roscoe, of wounds in France, Feb. 4th, 19; Miss Ellen Burgess, Brighton, Feb. 7th, 82; Lady Doyerdale, Glossop, Feb. 17th, 77.

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